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Santa Ana El Toro

The Ooze Behind the Dirt—A Slap-happy Weekly For Sinking People
THE UNOFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE PROGRESSIVE CITY OF SHANTY ANA

Volume 17—No. 9

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1941

3c copy—2 for 5c

REQUEST WAHLBERG RESIGNATION

OFF THE COB...

By GOLDWYN BANTAM

The entire north-north-east section of Santa Ana is up in arms following the proposal of the city council to transfer Willard Junior high school into the jaysee plant on North Main street.

While plans are only tentative there is some indication that the move is to be given due consideration.

Principal Lyle Mitchell of the junior high school has publicly issued the following statement: "I feel that our present accommodations are extremely outmoded and antiquated. Over 600 students are required to attend school under conditions positively detrimental to education. Insufficient campus acreage and inadequate building facilities make our institution the laughing stock of the entire county."

He said that with his own mouth, without cracking a smile.

The heaviest objection to the proposed change was raised by residents in the north-north-east (Continued on page 4)

Ruling Forbids Parking Autos Around Jaysee

D. K. Hammond, the gent who smiles self-consciously when the college band plays "Our Director", today issued proclamation forbidding the parking of cars around the campus.

D. K. offered an alternative in his statement, however, which gave students the privilege of parking their cars around the campus in a nearby driveway.

The BUNKER

By MICHAEL FINN, B.V.D.



Contrary to opinions held by most people, most ladies do not like to smell flowers. Scientists say that when you see a woman smelling a flower, don't believe it. It's not true. Reasons advanced recently by scientists, who have studied the critical situation for at least two days, state that women don't even like beautiful flowers because they rival the beauty of women. Most pictures show members of the fairer sex glorying in the pungent and heavenly odor which rises in fumes from flowers. Don't believe it; it's not true. So when you look at the picture, which shows a woman smelling a flower, don't believe it. It's not true.

PRIZE CAMPUS WINS PRIZE



Santa Ana citizens were rewarded today for their fine junior college campus which has just been judged the most beautiful in the state. The above photo shows the elaborate lawns and incinerator that fronts buildings on Sycamore street back of the board of education building. The bicycle was built in 1492 as were the structures. Judges were profuse in their praise of the local plant. Santa Ana was the only school to compete in the contest.

YELL KING SUFFERS INJURIES IN NOCTURNAL JUNGLE MISHAP

Chester Clark, student yell leader, was found crumpled in the College hall telephone booth today, following a fall evidently taken during the night. His leg was broken, his hip fractured, and his teeth missing.

Although Clark was unable to speak in normal tones today, he shouted at attendants the story of his nocturnal activities. He had been practicing a yell for next semester's assembly.

Interspersing his comments with "Icky addledy otten dotten! Am I hot?" Clark related his adventure. He was also practicing, police learned, a harangue. In order to achieve the best totalitarianistic style, Clark was standing at the top of the west stairs of College hall, heeling his imaginary audience.

"I had just looked at my watch yesterday afternoon," he bellowed, "and it was exactly 3:15 a.m. when a lion came through the window on the landing and pushed me downstairs. Don't ask me how I turned the corner to get in the booth! I like publicity! Isn't it

nice that the jungle beast came through the north one of the two windows? Now they'll have to put in a triple paned one on that side, and at least the two will match!"

SHORT HOURS, HIGH WAGES IN DEMAND

Maintaining that the wages they receive are not enough to feed a bird on, the chickadees of the college office force today went on strike for shorter hours and more pay.

"According to another publication here, we understand that people should work for nothing, but we can't see it," the secretaries chorused as they looked El Toro's ace reporter in the eye. We should get back to earth and ignore you small town journalists who try to be high powered editorial writers."

Miss Ruth Norby, spokesman for the group, stated that unless wages were raised to at least six cents an hour that none of the striking workers would return to their positions.

"The present wage of three and one-half cents an hour is hardly adequate," Ruth said, a -neering very pale and emaciated. "But six cents an hour! With this additional raise," she revealed, brightening perceptibly, "we could afford to cook our food before we eat it!"

STATEMENT BY WAHLBERG

NOTE: To get an exclusive statement from President Wahlberg on his alleged "conduct" in office, El Toro sent a special correspondent to the ill-reputed "eating place" on the edge of the campus. He returned bleary-eyed, but triumphantly bearing the following statement signed with the scrawling hand of the local executive.

To the Associated Students:
I have been accused of "conduct" in office. That is a serious offense.

I am sorry. Someday you will be.

BRENT WAHLBERG

BOARD ACCUSES PREXY OF NOT CONDUCTING SELF IN MANNER BEFITTING PUBLIC POSITION

Dame Rumor ran rampant today with the story that the student executive board has requested President Brent Wahlberg's resignation.

But usually reliable sources are laughing, because the executive board has not been in one place at the same time for so long that some of them will have to be introduced again upon convening. That is, if they ever convene.

It is not certain why the board is asking Mr. Wahlberg's resignation, but it was inferred that the reason is based around his "conduct" in office.

Here's Letter Board Mailed To Wahlberg

Following its policy of revealing everything possible, El Toro dug deep into the executive board rooms early this morning to uncover what is apparently a copy of the letter submitted to President Brent Wahlberg, demanding his resignation. It is printed below.

This is ALL of it—in its entirety, "charges," "complaints" and all:

"Santa Ana, California
March 18, 1941
TO BRENT WAHLBERG:

We, the undersigned, having arrived at a unanimous decision concerning reports of your recent "conduct" in office, do hereby manifest by the affixation of our signatures to this document that:

- (1) You should resign.
- (2) The vice-prexy should succeed you.
- (3) The vice-president is Larry Dresser.

It is with regret that we take this step, but we feel no other course is left open to us.

Regretfully,
Lawrence Dresser
Mary Ann Maag
David Terhune
Barney Robinson
Gene Holderman
Beth Kellams
Louise Grant
Audree Willsey
Jimmie Yamada
Mary Corey."

LOOKEE

This is the annual razz edition published by students of the junior college. If you don't like it, stop your subscription. See if we care!

- First louse: Who killed Cock Robin?
Second louse: I did.
First louse: Why did you do it?
Second louse: I don't know.
First louse: You must be crazy.
Second louse: I'm a louse that's what I am!

Well informed quarters are also laughing at that, because he hasn't been in office often enough to have established any kind of "conduct."

In fact, the last time, he wielded the silver-banded executive gavel was to adjourn the first meeting of the new board, which meeting lasted all of three minutes and thirty seconds.

Officials intimated, however, that the "conduct in office" accusation could refer to a local "eating place" named Lassienda. The place is inhabited by the executive board more frequently than the student offices, it was explained.

Rumors that recall negotiations may be taken out to remove the president from his position were not confirmed. Officials reported that if petitions are circulating, they were taken out at the administration office between 8 and 12 o'clock every morning. One-eighth of the Associated Students signatures is required on a petition for recall, it was indicated.

Although it was not stated directly, certain unimpeachable sources inferred that a recent encounter with feminine wiles had left Wahlberg in such a stupor he has been unable to make his way to the student council rooms. Other versions say it was not feminine wiles.

COUSIN ERNIE

By ERNIE PHILLIPS

Too bad this rumor of moving the jaysee into the Willard Junior high school plant. Local collegians would look as puny as Foolertonians if they didn't get to walk six or seven miles to their classes each day. Board member Barney Robinson, who is investigating the situation, advocates that they lease the campus to us for a two week trial. He says: "Ask the man who loans one."

Brent Wahlberg's executive board is the "shortest meeting bunch" that the college ever harbored. It's rumored that the persecuted prexy gets to the door of C108 and just when he is about to open it, the following stampede is awful. Then the board of education rushes out and authorities that a new prop be put under the library.

Local officers insist that cars traversing in the 900 block of North Main street at 12:29 p.m. each week day are in extreme peril. Overhead crossings for cars should be erected because the flow of students from the Don, cafe to the campus is more than heavy and offers a consistent and real threat to people behind the wheel.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Santa Ana El Toro

CALIFORNIA'S MOST INCONSISTENT NEWSPAPER

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Phone 0-0-oh!

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By Mail, \$1.50 Per Year

El Toro is the annual razz edition of El Don, the official publication of the Associated Students of Santa Ana Junior college, Santa Ana, California. Published weekly during the school year while college is in session, except the weeks of quarterly and semester examinations, and issued on the Junior College consolidation ticket, the price of which includes \$1.00 for subscription to the paper.

Entered as second class matter November 9, 1927, at the post office at Santa Ana, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Published in the school print shop and edited by the journalism classes at the college.

"THE
OOZE
BEHIND
THE
DIRT"

NEW COLLEGE CAMPUS? PIFFLE!

Another publication on the campus has consistently urged the construction of a new junior college. It argues that the present buildings are decrepit and inadequate. To these arguments, El Toro says, "Piffle."

Unquestionably, Santa Ana has one of the finest jaycee plants in California. It avoids the great curse of modern educational institutions: concentrating too many buildings in a small area. With classrooms scattered over several square miles, not only is the ever-dangerous fire hazard reduced, but perfect student health is insured by daily hikes to lectures.

Equally fallacious is the reasoning that the appearance of College Hall constitutes an eye-sore. Has the other publication no esthetic sense? Is wine any worse for aging? Cultured people do not laugh at Egyptian pyramids merely because they are old. Why should they sneer at slightly less aged College Hall?

The beauty of this edifice lies far deeper than outward appearance; decades of fine traditions are imbedded in every decaying timber, every wall of cracking plaster. For loveliness sublime, what can compare with the T-brace that will soon be installed to prop the library?

The demands for new buildings on the basis of inadequacy is even more ridiculous. Certainly no new structures are necessary to house the students. Have educators in their zeal to spend taxpayers' money overlooked the fact that restrooms of gasoline stations near the campus are still untenanted? By crowding five students into each room, the expense of new buildings could be avoided.

Furthermore, El Toro knows from an unimpeachable source that a tree-house only 3½ miles from College Hall is available. At a brisk pace a student can reach it in an hour. It will easily accommodate seven, including the instructor.

If the editors of a certain publication on the campus would only investigate these possibilities, they would realize how ludicrous and extravagant their desire for a new junior college really is. With youthful brashness, they have completely ignored the serene beauty of College Hall, the traditions of the locker rooms, the picturesque qualities of bungalows, and the beneficial effects of walking exercises. They would sacrifice all that for something as unnecessary as a new college campus!

Between Deadlines!

by Deadwood McCoy

TYPEWRITER ROOM MASTERY

The attack on the hallowed sanctuary, used by the beginning journalism forces by General Milner et al demonstrated more accurately than any rumors of internal disorders among the journalists, the appalling deterioration in the power of the newsmen's forces.

Little or no resistance did General Milner encounter, outside of a few body blows and hammerlocks, on the part of the journalism forces, led by Lieutenants Gus Luzania and Mason Teter, although he remained long enough to swing no less than one blow.

And it was reported in communiqués, issued by the defending forces, that in the battleground lay the remnants of the journalism forces battered by Mad-Dog Milner, self-styled dictator of the campus janitors. Idle indeed in the light of this exhibition of fistie supremacy is any journalistic claim to mastery of the typewriter room.

Within easy striking distance of the thundering fists of General Milner were more than a half-dozen important newsmen of El Toro's staff, led by Marshall John H. McCoy. Here was the great opportunity of the journalism forces to prove the supremacy of the typewriter's swing over the broom-wielder's mops, yet Marshal McCoy's reserves allowed the opportunity to pass, the weather being rather sultry, therefore causing a disordered retreat to Corona Del Mar.

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SCOTTIE'S**
Scottie's No. 1—2209 N. Main
Scottie's Castle No. 2—1205 S. Main

LETTERS to the Editor

Editor, El Toro:

I believe that all forms of graft and corruption on the campus should be exposed and eliminated. No more flagrant violation of decency has occurred in the last few years than the recent Los Gauchos Fair. How any students who harbors an iota of self-respect can condone such practices is a mystery to me. The event is simply a profit-making venture for those campus slickers, La Compania de los Gauchos.

Certainly no one is so naive that he actually believes the authenticity of the reported gross of \$110. It's obvious that some Los Gauchos have deducted service charges. In addition to this rake-off, the pampas kids operated five concessions—two penny pitches, ring throwing, nail-pounding, and a money changing booth.

I have it from authoritative sources that every game was unethical. The gullibles didn't have a chance. Especially profitable was the money changing booth, operated by that short change artist "Houdini" Jackson, a tricky veteran of many football ticket selling windows.

Naturally Chairman Paul Cleary insists that the whole event was on the up-and-up. His opinion, however, may be tinged with partiality. My respect for his integrity has diminished since he accepted the Spinsters' bribe and gave them the ice cream concession after first promising it to the Piloteers. The Spinsters are reported to have made a fortune selling ice-cream.

As a self-respecting student and a holder of an Associated Student ticket, I feel that such rottenness should be disinfected. Instead of the stinking Penny Fair, I suggest that the college substitute an event which I have the pleasure to introduce. It is called simply "Take It Or Stuff It."

For more exciting details, see me.

CUB No. 5,
JUNIOR LIONS DEN

Editor, El Toro,

We owners of small businesses like Nathan's Chop Suey house (where the steaks are an inch thick) thank God that we have El Toro. Another publication has boosted advertising rates so high that the little merchants like the owner of Nathan's Chop Suey house (our courteous waiters jump to your service—other tricks on request) can not afford to advertise their wares, which, when they are like our blue plate specials, are well worth advertising.

Yessiree, there aren't any flies on El Toro—as there never are on any meals prepared in sanitary kitchens at Nathan's Chop Suey house (this week's special: hamburgers at regular prices).

El Toro, Nathan's Chop Suey house (we can't please everybody, but we TRY!) salutes you!

A LITTLE MERCHANT

"For yum-yum rations,
Remember Nathan's."

Ed. Note: El Toro is always happy to receive unsolicited letters of gratitude for its excellent advertising rates. The writer above has requested that we delete his name. With touching modesty, he prefers to remain simply "a little merchant" who would surely-as-hell go out of business without El Toro's excellent advertising rates.

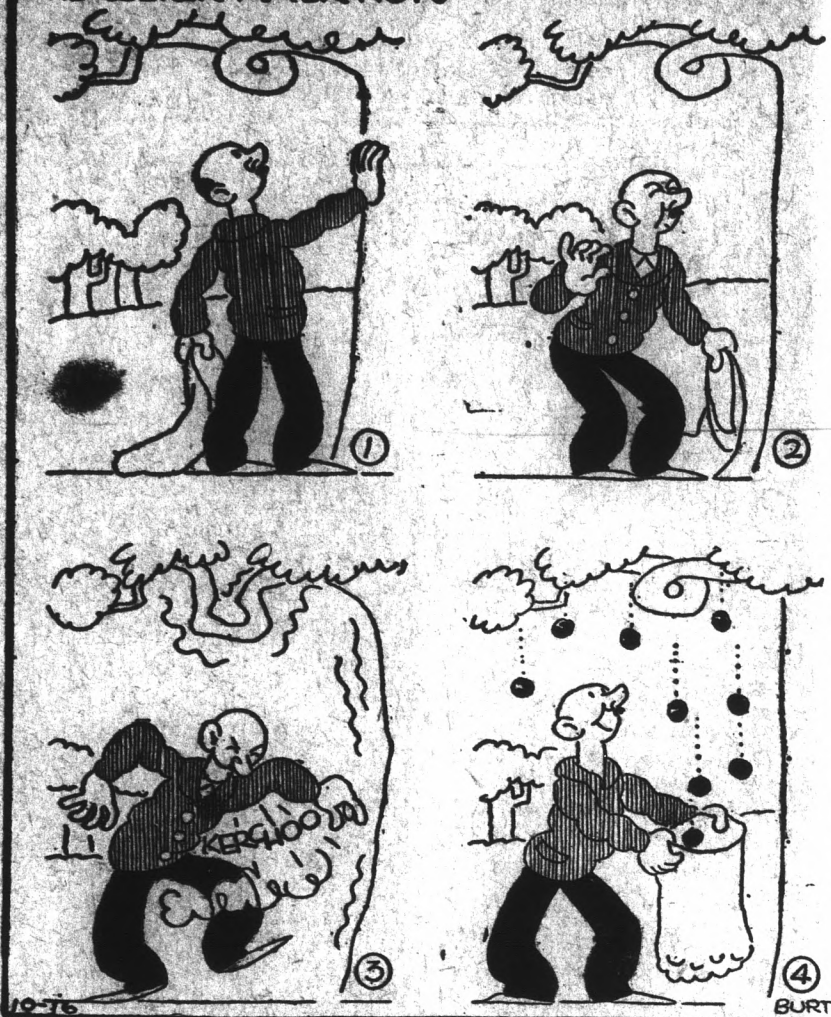
Editor, El Toro,

As a tax-payer and mother, I wish to complain about the snobbery of junior college service clubs. My daughter, a lovely, sensitive young woman, has been rushed twice by the same service club. She wasn't asked to join either time.

As a tax-payer and mother, I ask you, "Is this democracy?" Why should a young girl become bitter throughout her college life because a club—I believe its name was Buccaneers—rushed her but did not accept her?

A MAIZE A MINUTE

THE SEEKER AFTER NUTS



CARTOON ANALYSIS: Above, College Hall Herman, a character gazes longingly into a tree, then he goes "Kerchoo!" The nuts in the tree, being natives of Brazil, believe he is speaking dialect. Understanding him to say "cashew," they come tumbling down. But in its own little way even that is ridiculous because nuts should be shrewd enough to know better (cashew'd nuts—ha, ha, ha). Next week the cartoon will depict what happens when College Hall Herman goes home and finds out that it really wasn't nuts but persimmons that fell out of the tree. He's sure a card!

Forcey Fix

Dear Forcey,

I am in deep sorrow as I sit here alone staring vacantly at my chintz curtains. My boy friend and I have smashed our beautiful romance. Life isn't the same anymore.

Sometimes I think I will get gay and reckless and walk into The Don and laugh and flirt like other girls do. But then I think of his blond hair, and I want to remain faithful to his memory. And I forget the horrible thing I was about to do.

I am so sad though. I haven't anything to do but stare at these darn chintz curtains. Tell me what I should do, Mr. Fix.

PERTURBED

Dear Perturbed,

Ain't chintz curtains just lovely!

Dear Mr. Fix,

A dame has let me down. She led me on to think I meant something to her. It weren't so. She still tries to be nice, but I know she is just doing it for entertainment. As far as she is concerned I am a nice fellow to go to things like the Bachelors Ball and things like that with, but otherwise don't mean nothing.

I suspect I have been aced. Tell me, pal, am I right?

IRRESISTIBLE

Dear Irresistible,

Generally speaking, yes and no. On the other hand, no and yes. On rainy days, perhaps and maybe. Otherwise, as a famed Sanskrit inscription goes "Cherchez la femme."

For more specific information, inclose ten cents and write to me, and I will send you my specially prepared booklet, "Truck-gardening With Only a Wheelbarrow."

As a tax-payer and mother, I would like to petition the board of education to put a stop to such undemocratic practices. My little girl was heart-broken when she failed to receive a bid. She hasn't been the same since.

As a tax-payer and mother, I say that the service clubs must go!

IRKED TAX-PAYER
AND MOTHER

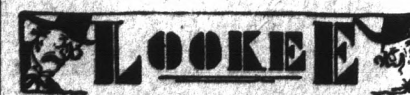
What's Your Name?

CHANDRAGUPTA -VERESHCHAGIN. The surname Chandragupta-Vereshchagin is derived from the name of a famous Indian prince of 400 B.C. and the surname of a Russian war painter who died in 1904. Many people who have this name have never become famous. One never sees the name in headlines of newspapers.

So if your name is Chandragupta-Vereshchagin, things look pretty black for you. Your best bet is to become a free-lance writer and get space-rates on your name.

PINSSZK (Pronounced "Potskoloff"). The surname Pinsszk, although a very old one, is not exceedingly common. In 892 A. D. Hot-foot Pinsszk achieved fame by being the first sailor without a wife in every port—he had 15 Pinsszks, the Elder, gained international renown when he was delegated by Louis XV to enter an electric refrigerator and keep an eye out for Yehudi, a party who was supposed to turn the lights out.

At first the French court got a great kick out of opening the refrigerator and finding Pinsszk in there, but familiarity bred contempt. One day he was mistaken for a side of beef and duly eaten, an incident for which his relatives were severely reprimanded. If you are a Pinsszk remember that you were once close to the heart of a king.



What photographer for Del Amo (not Jack Sullivan) is exploiting his position to milk the college on photographic expenses by using requisitioned supplies for personal activities?

There are several members of the feminine gender around here who are craving publicity. It is a well-known fact that they are up-county gals. We hope they will take the somewhat subtle hint.

SOUR POLITICIANS

By THE OBSERVER

No one can deny that Jack Clark and Anita Potter don't get a thrill out of their "harmony." Just think of it! Jack is appointed head of the Fiesta and the first thing he does in his new capacity is to appoint Anita parade chairman. Now they can keep an eye on each other. (As if they already didn't!)

We note with pleasure (?) that Anne Bell is still in the swing of things. She no more gives up her jobs as Las Meninas president and Social Commissioner when she is given the entertainment chairmanship of the Fiesta. What will the junior college do without her?

We are waiting for the uncovering of a little bit of dirty work that went on during rush season this last semester. A certain member of a certain women's service club did a little campaigning of her own the night before bids were released. This certain member called up two certain rushees telling them that they would receive a "bid" from her service club, and to act accordingly. (P.S. They did, but I wouldn't try it again, Enid.)

And speaking of Spinsters, just how much did they pay our esteemed Penny Fair chairman, Paul Cleary, for the ice cream concession? It seems that the Piloteers had been given that booth and had already ordered their ice cream when Paul comes up and very apologetically says that he made a mistake. It was probably a worthwhile mistake on the part of Mr. Cleary, although the Spinsters sold only 11 ice cream bars.

We look to our Dean of Men to set the standard of truth in Santa Ana Junior college, but it seems we are mistaken. There is a bit of propaganda running around, the county high schools about the wonderful jobs that are obtained by the Associated Student presidents. Of course when a past president tells everyone of the high salary he gets, some \$200 a month, it is only expected that it is so. But when the same ex-prexy comes quietly back to jaysee it looks rather peculiar.

FRENCH FORCE TAKES CAMPS IN 2 BATTLES

March 23. (AP)—Regine Clark, commander-in-chief of the German club armed forces, today announced the capture of three French fortifications in a brilliant counter-attack launched at 9 a.m. (PST) this morning.

Hermann Stromer, club adviser, spoke briefly before the battle, exhorting his troops to "win at any cost."

"The French club," Stromer yelled, before an assembled audience of six "has heapend indignities by the carload upon our heads. Bah! Could I stood it?"

It seems that our newly elected president of the AWS leads a double life. We were always led to believe that she belonged to a certain Cornell junior, who is incidentally, Barbara Tucker's brother, and that she loved it. But behold, we find that she waits nights for the hard-working News Service Manager, Linden Criddle, who is bell-hopping at the Santa Ana hotel. And to make the whole affair complete, she denies it. After all, Beth, you can't kid us always.

We are honored by the presence of a lovely, dark maiden, who declares SHE is going to run for Dona in the coming election. For all those who can remember, and for those who can't, I will again relate what happened last year. The Las Meninas service club had a bit of trouble in selecting a Dona to put up and finally ended by scandalizing the whole school, and running two girls. Take a hint, Elynore, and let Las Gitanas pick their own candidate... don't try to dictate to them.

Orchids to Brent Wahlberg for giving his defeated opponent the consolation job of Commissioner of Assemblies. Or was it a case of "have to?" The idea of... if I get elected I'll put you on the board... and vice versa.

Not that we are favoring any people in this column, but have just heard of another rotten deal that will go down in Fiesta annals. Contrary to the custom of appointing former assistant chairmen to head the festivity committees, Clark injected a bit of personal revenge by ignoring the services of Beth Kellams as costume assistant last year. She was glad to be relieved of the responsibility... but you needn't have been so rude, Jack!

COLLEGE HALL CRASHED TODAY IN MANUEVERS

College hall crumbled to the ground today after repercussions vibrating from navy target practice off Los Angeles shook each brick from its place.

"We expected it to happen," Director D. K. Hammond stated. "The bombs and guns were a new type used for target practice. Perhaps a strong wind carried the concussion to the walls."

Organized student clubs plan to pile the bricks in the shape of a huge cone, letting it stand as a monument to the old College hall, an unverified report states.



Everything will be ducky wucky for the new army air school until it starts costing local taxpayers a penny or two. Then watch out! We know; we go to jaysee!

SANTA ANA ORANGE ESTATES HOMES VACATION LAND

Santa Anans point with pride to the above neon sign which hangs at the corner of Santa Ana boulevard and Flower street. It indicates that "any stranger would know this is an industrial center and that we are s-i-m-p-l-y c-r-a-z-y to have a few factories locate here. We are, too, if it won't cost us anything and if it won't keep anyone up after 8 p.m. Bring on your big payrolls, we like 'em. Bring on more residents, we want them. But read the sign... and leave us alone."

DRAFT DODGERS TELL METHODS FOR CLOSING DRAFTY DOORS

To you who will soon be caught in the draft and don't know how to close the door, here are a few tips in the art. These methods were revealed by members of the faculty who are rather allergic to fire-arms. If you have a fine code of ethics these hints won't be of much use.

On being informed that he was to join the army, Calvin C. Flint immediately purchased a trained leopard and told the recruiting sergeant he had spots before his eyes. D. K. Hammond was a trifle more practical, for he filled his arches with plaster of Paris then claimed he had flat feet. Not to be outdone, T. H. Glenn went to The Stable Orphanage and borrowed 54 children, then claimed he had too many dependents.

On receiving his induction order, J. Russell Bruff quickly moved next door to a boiler factory and remained there until he was deafened by the government is to a tax-payer's please. Wishing to evade the draft, John H. McCoy hired 30 sets of twins, then convinced the draft authorities he was seeing double. Having a morbid fear of the army, Harry P. Jackson immediately sold his glass eye, rubber arm, wooden leg, plaster nose, and toupee. H. A. Moomaw encased his right arm in ice for forty-eight then said his arm was paralyzed.

After being inducted, Kramer J. Rohfleisch got into the habit of turning his gun on his comrades and superior officers, saying he was near-sighted. Before you can spell Kramer J. Rohfleisch, Mr. Rohfleisch was honorably discharged.

GYM TEACHER SAVES SELF

In demonstrating the latest beach fashions, Miss Zena Leck, girls' physical education instructor, has plunged members of her swimming classes into a veritable dilemma.

They could understand the presence of fashionable sweater, which could be quickly removed in case of emergency, but they reason that it would take a little time to dispose of wrist watch, shoes, and miscellaneous jewelry.

In defense, Miss Leck has pointed out (disregarding claims to fashion) that she is able to work much more efficiently if she stays on the edge of the pool and watches her subjects executing the strokes she has taught them. At times the students have extracted promises from her for a demonstration swim, but so far it has not been forthcoming. Bets are being placed thick and fast as to whether or not the demonstration will be a success or a dismal flop. In other words, can she practice what she preaches?

Roy Renwick

PDQ Service

S.E. Cor. 2nd & Main
Santa Ana
Phone 3545

Lubrication
a Specialty

BACHELORS IN CLOISTER; S A Y GIRLS ARE OUT

Expressing disgust and contempt for the present condition of the world, the Brotherhood of Bachelors today entered the Cloister of The Little Brothers of the Flowers.

The disgruntled brothers said that they would devote the rest of their days in aiding the preservation and maintenance of the cruelly persecuted children of Nature, flowers. John Osterman and Lawrence Macaray, two of the most dissatisfied of the brothers, said that they would seek consolation in the raising of pansies and daisies. Gene Holderman said that he hoped to lessen his grief by taking care of roses and lilies, then added:

"And I don't mean the Rosie's and Lily's that walk."

Dexter Ball tore his wig and screamed:

"Imagine those heartless dames wearing corsages of poor itty bitty harmless little flowers!"

DAWN DOINGS

Betty Foord has revealed that she may set this coming week-end as the date for those pending wedding bells.

Christine Baird has just accepted a position as assistant to Miss Genevieve Humiston. She will lecture on "How to Win and Influence Men!"

Emmy Lou Brooks has decided to remain true to her service club. She is a confirmed Spinster now.

Marjorie Carnes is now a walking encyclopedia since she has been going around with a college man. She now knows why the city does not paint the white lines except on certain seasons of the year.

Because they thought they added something, Pat Monahan, Filis Sandon, and Betejo Henderson have purchased 10 cent wedding rings. "Just to fool the boys."

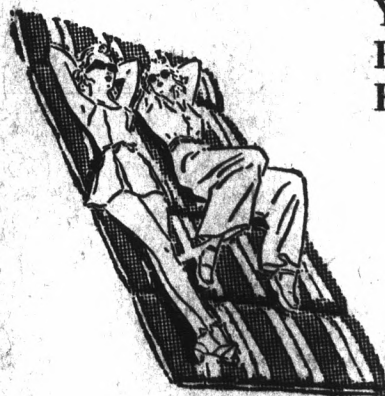


MANHUNT: Audree Willsey is afraid she is going to lose another man in the draft. Mary Bryant is also looking the men over. She admits it too.

NO FOOLIN'

YOU'LL HAVE MORE FUN IN CLOTHES FROM

Rankin's



- Jantzens and Catalina Swim Suits—beautiful colors 3.00 to 10.95
- Slack Suits in new pastel colors—long and short sleeves..... 7.95 to 14.95
- Hendan tailored shirts..... 1.95
- Sheer crepe and batiste blouses 3.95 to 5.95
- Bradley cotton chenille knit sweaters—pastel colors 1.95

Enjoy a New Thrill

Be the Best Dressed at Easter

New Dresses and Ensembles in

Pastels and Navy—Glorified Prints

GRAYSON'S

209 East Fourth—Phone 2440

ASSEMBLY SHUTTLE SERVICE TO FACILITATE STUDENT PASSAGES

Aeronautics Instructor H. O. Russell today revealed that beginning next week, flight training planes will be used to carry the Associated Student body to the Willard assemblies.

After a long consultation with books on speed, distance, and time, Mr. Russell stated that by taking advantage of both planes, all of the students can be flown to the Willard auditorium in the short space of hours of one week, provided that the planes shuttle back and forth on a twenty-four basis.

"Naturally," said Mr. Russell, "that will necessitate an enormous amount of fuel, but if we mix four gallons of water with one

gallon of gasoline, I think we can do away with that obstacle."

"The only serious setback," continued Mr. Russell, "is the matter of a landing field here at jaysee. The prop wash from one of those one-quarter horsepower motors is strong enough to knock over our antiquated buildings. We might have to resort to the use of model airplanes with rubber-powered propellers. Even then they would be a menace to our campus, for their slip-stream might shatter the windows."

LIBRARIAN SEES NEED TO LIVEN DEAD ATMOSPHERE WITH JIVE

Miss Lillian Dickson, librarian noted for her gay frivolity, love of laughter and light chatter throughout the library rooms, today announced that the library force will sponsor jitterbug sessions between every class in the main room of the library.

"We feel that the library atmosphere is entirely too dead, and needs to be livened up," Miss Dickson said. She also added that she will sing the vocals with a hot hill-billy swing band composed of Milton Asher, Emily Joost, and Alan A. Revill.

Latest entrants in a jitterbug contest to begin Monday include Miss Muriel Anderson, winner of the 1929 Charleston cup, and Mrs. Eleanor Northcross, outstanding success at the DeMolay dances every Friday night. Judge of the contest will be Miss Mary Swass.

On hand to teach collegians the intricate steps of the new "Fall-Flat-On-Your-Face" craze will be Mrs. Jennie Tessmann, who spent eight years as head hostess of the Dreamland Ballroom on the Long Beach Pike.

According to Miss Dickson, all library books will be removed to the Den, in order to make room for the swing sessions. It is reported that this will also give the eager seekers for knowledge at the Don ample opportunity to indulge their yen for higher education without making the long and tedious trek to the library.

OFF THE COB

(Continued from page 1) section of the city. As taxpayers in the junior college district they would be forced to share the burden of accommodating 1200 evicted college students without receiving the benefits of an improved Junior high school plant. Residents of the Willard Junior high school district naturally favor the proposal.

Members of the council and school board point out the advantages to be derived from such a move. Junior high school students would be offered the privilege of inhabiting the largest campus in the state. Besides the extensive athletic facilities already contained in the plant, the proposed plan calls for the addition of the ping-pong and table-golf at the YMCA.

Very little building alterations would be necessary to effect the change, proponents of the plan point out. NYA labor would be utilized to saw the legs off the chairs to prepare them for their new occupants.

The project can be completed easily in nine years.

GRIFFITH NAMED DEAN OF MEN

Following a week of vigorous political campaigning, Miss Gerrie Griffith, women's physical education instructor, was today elected dean of men by the male student body with a majority of 499 votes to 1.

The lone dissenting vote was cast by her opponent, Calvin C. Flint. When asked for a statement, the former dean of men said:

"When a woman is elected fire chief, that is all right; when a woman is made police chief, that isn't so bad; when a woman is made mayor, I can stand it; BUT, WHEN A WOMAN IS ELECTED DEAN OF MEN, THAT IS THE LAST STRAW!"

Flint then threatened to stab, burn, drown, hang, shoot, and poison the new dean of men. When last seen, he was being led into a padded cell, under heavy guard.

There are rumors that Miss Gerrie Griffith is contemplating various changes in the administration and outer appearance of the campus. Among them are the following: the painting of College hall pink with blue polka dots; forcing the Don cafe to stop its boot-legging trade, or divide the profits; and destroying all copies of "The Grapes of Wrath." (P.S. don't tell her but there are 27 copies in the city library too!)

STUDENTS DENY NEED OF JAYSEE

(Continued from page 1) ing established in Orange county. Unless drastic steps are taken soon, the population of Santa Ana may continue to increase.

It is evident that a new junior college would only attract more people to this town and increase the local trade done by students and faculty to over \$400,000. Now this would be a death blow to the downtown merchants and real estate dealers. Every known method of combating this \$400,000 evil is being used.

So you can see for yourself that we do not really need a new jaysee. A new junior college would put Santa Ana on the map and make this city a bright spot in Southern California.



"WHEN WILL I EVER GRADUATE?" (GRADE SLIPS) RALSTON ANDERSON receiving 73 grade points.

HUMAN BITES

Betty Goode was consoling herself over a first class bust-up with the four-year boy friend, the other night. The torch carrying was for naught however, since they made up amidst a flurry of tears and explanations over the week-end.

The Buccaneers have it that Scotty Hoeptner is still weeping in his root beer over the ashes of his romance with Mary Corey. A Fullerton song leader is apparently offering a sympathetic shoulder while Corey goes steady with first one, then another.

Lois Ernst and Barbara Preininger go on record as saying—quote, they don't want to grow up, unquote. We will refrain from making any unsubtle remarks as to the worrying about it they don't need to do.

Chet Clark, of the cheer leader Clarks, wants it known that he does not date the same girl twice for school affairs. This sad revelation has the local gals grief stricken.

It may be a little old, but the February scandal among Las Meninas members was the dirty deal Jean Dowds got from one Herbie Lycan regarding the Bachelors' Ball. We advocate a boycott on the Lycan philanthropist.

Couples who bore us are Roseanne Bourgerie and Phil, the light of her life, and the Bryant-Hoffman combination. Bob certainly made a radical change in the type of woman he prefers.

Los Gauchos members are complaining that James Kobayashi doesn't have any more to say about the running of the club than the mascot, if they had a mascot.

Inside dope on the Kamrath-O'Donnell smash has it that Connie just got a little tired of the neglect our too, too busy ex-prexy was handing her. Or maybe she knew he was getting the measles.



Why are all the junior college service clubs knocking each other down in an attempt to get behind the "new jaysee" movement?

GERMAN PROFESSOR TO ENTER SERVICES OF UNCLE SAMUEL

Hermann Stromer, German instructor here, today broke down under incessant questioning by a corps of freshman newshounds and revealed that he had been called to the service of our Uncle Samuel.

Stromer, white and trembling, stated that he had received his notice to report yesterday afternoon.

"When are you going to camp?" asked one alert correspondent.

"That," replied Stromer, chewing nervously on his half-smoked El Ropo, "depends upon how many men they send after me."

As the smoke from his stogie curled lazily around his ears, Hermy waxed confidential.

"It is a horrible thing, this war," he mused, spilling the ash from his cigar on his vest, "and I am not eager to have part in it, but to uphold the honor of the United States I will sacrifice all!" and he pulled grandly on the butt of his vicious weed.

"How do you feel about going to serve a whole year in the army? Are you nervous?" asked a scribe.

"No, of course not," the instructor said, smiling wanly.

"Well, you'd better take the lighted end of that cigar out of your mouth, then."

Hermy complied with alacrity.

Questioned as to the proceedings concerning his lately returned papers, Stromer confided that he was almost stumped on one question.

"What was that?" asked a reporter, verbally closing in on the defenseless instructor.

"Well, they wanted to know who they should notify in case of an accident," Hermy said, "and as you probably know, I have no relatives or close friends."

"Then what did you put down?"

"Oh, said Hermy brightly, "I just told them to notify me and there wouldn't be any accident."

TIPPLERS GET TIPS OVER TOM COLLINS

The Tavern Tipplers, new campus organization, met last night at the Inn of Drunkards for an informal meeting.

President Warren Gunther, established guzzler from Walla Walla, Washington, started the proceedings by drinking four quarts of straight ale. Not to be daunted by this bucolic act, club adviser T. H. Glenn immediately consumed half a barrel of 100 per cent rye.

Bob Campbell preferred Scotch and soda with a slight touch of TNT. Bill Galusha took five dozen tankards of port sprinkled with strychnine. Jack Phillips took it like a man and swallowed straight arsenic. The meeting quickly became very, very informal. The bartender was soon busier than a colored man in a watermelon patch. The good Brothers of Bacchus drank more refreshments than a Scotsman at a free convention.

Twelve hours after the meeting was dismissed, the soaked members staggered home, from lamp post to lamp post, following polka-dot elephants.

Musings By Moss! Boy, Oh Boy!

Personal to Barbara Preininger—Is it true that you are going to cooking school, or was that another Mrs. Nelson we heard about?

Personal to L. V. Compton—Don't you wish you had some of those Gitanas soxs to wear now? They might "flatter the lovely contour of your calves" (quote Compton).

Dexter W. Ball's girl has been in town for the past week. Dexter hasn't been to school for the past week.

Barney Robinson—Why did you have to take your Long Beach girl friend home so early Saturday night. We thought that was a special occasion.

Joyce Hubbard and Bill Sandon are on the verge of breaking up. Couldn't it be that Ray Couch has finally beat Bill's time?

Wedding bells will ring Easter Sunday for Bob "Scum" Bartholomew and Jean Lawrence. All the lilies will be present.

Melba Moss was booted out of class the other day for talking to Jack Forcely. Whispers could be heard above the voice of the instructor. Can you imagine it? And Forcely, too!

Darlene Sherfey is trying to persuade Hal to go to Mexico for Easter vacation, and not because she thinks Mexico is a nice place. It's a matter of who gets the car to tear around in at the beach. We will refrain from saying what Hal will be if he gives in.

Wonder if Las Gitanas are as wonderful as Anna Barry thought they would be when she worked so hard to make the grade?



Yesterday's El Diario said that T. H. Glenn highly recommended the travel films for the assembly. T. H. Glenn showed the pictures and also spoke. We're glad he liked the program.

Are You Goin' To the Beach This Weekend?

If the weather's okay, start the season with—

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